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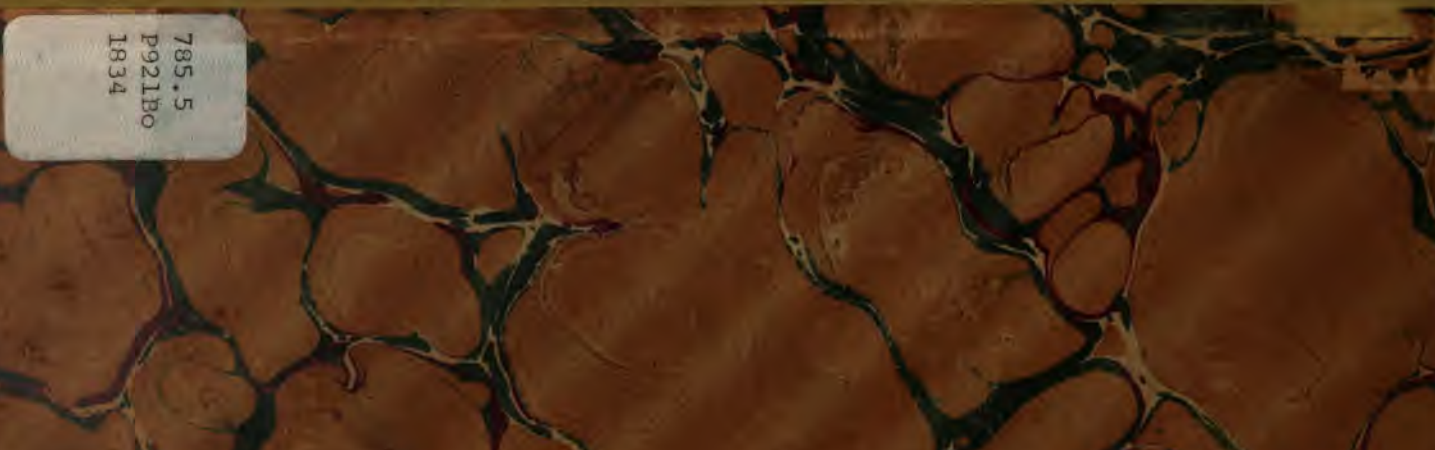
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Pray · Boston Sunday School Hymn Book · 1834 ·

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THE

BOSTON

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

APPROVED BY THE
"Sunday School Society,"
BOSTON.

THIRD EDITION.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124, WASHINGTON ST.

1834.

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PREFACE.

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE fondness of children for poetry, and especially that of a devotional character, is well understood, and when associated with music, was seen to be such a powerful and interesting means of religious instruction, that it could not long be overlooked. Singing, therefore, was early introduced as a part of the exercises into most of our Sunday Schools; while more recently, an effort has been made, and thus far with great success, to instruct the pupils of these schools in the simple elements of music by a new and beautiful system. But while this progress has been made in regard to the power of musical expression, there has been no corresponding improvement in our manuals of devotional sentiment. The Sunday School Hymn Books now in use, are defective, either because they are simply collections of devotional poetry, without much, if any, reference to variety of subjects, metre, or adaptation to musical purposes, or because they are tinctured with sectarian biases. It is the purpose of this collection to obviate these deficiences and objections. The Hymns have been selected with a view to their devotional and practical character, their adaptation to the minds and wants of the young, and, in every instance, to the purposes of musical expression. A few pieces never before published, will be found in the collection; but, for the most part, they have been taken from the choicest writers of juvenile and devotional poetry; the preference having always been given to those in which the sentiment was most correct and pure, expressed with the greatest simplicity and directness, and with the deepest glow of piety and religious feeling.

For the convenience of superintendents and teachers, the metres and names of tunes have been annexed to the Hymns. The tunes, generally, are such as are in common use, and may be found in the Juvenile Psalmist, by Lowel Mason, Esq.; the Handel and Haydn, and Bridgewater Collections; and the Sunday School Singing Book, recently published by Mr. George Kingsley. The reference to the latter is by the initials S. S. S. B., and the page on which the tune may be found.

The compiler does not flatter himself that he has attained to the highest standard in the little offering which he now makes to the cause of Sunday Schools; but if it shall serve, in some feeble measure, to supply an existing want,—to promote a deep, but cheerful piety among the pupils of our Sunday Schools, and lead the way to a more perfect compilation hereafter, the object of his labors and hopes will be most fully accomplished.

In offering the second edition of this little work, the Compiler is compelled to express the gratitude he feels for the favor with which it has been received. In accordance with some kind suggestions, a Table of First Lines, an Index to the subjects, and the names of a few more tunes have been added; which, with the alteration of a few words and expressions, he trusts will render it not only more acceptable as a class book for Sunday Schools, but make it a companion for the domestic fire-side.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK.

1.

Morning Hymn. L. M.

Luton. Shoel. p. 43, & 45, S. S. S. B.

1 OUR FATHER, here again we raise
To thee our morning hymn of praise,
For all the joys thy smiles afford,
This sacred day, thy holy word.

2 We thank thee, Father, that to thee
Again we bend the lowly knee;
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an almighty hand.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free;
Thy sabbaths may we so improve,
As best to win our Father's love.

4 So shall we then, when life shall end,
A nobler, holier, Sabbath spend,—
Where thy good children all shall be
Join'd in one family with Thee.

2.

Morning Hymn. L. M.

Portugal: Old Hundred: p. 43, S. S. S. B.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
God's gracious blessing we implore:
We meet to learn, and sing, and pray:
May he be with us through this day.

2 If we attend with humble mind,
And seek instruction, we shall find:
Then, while we hear the sacred page,
Oh! may its truth our hearts engage.

3 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And we shall come to school no more;
We would not then endure the pain
Of having spent our time in vain.

4 And when on earth we meet no more,
May we to God, our Father, soar,
And praise him in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

3.

Morning Hymn. 6 1. 7's M.

p. 22, S. S. S. B. Sabbath.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through our lives, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand.
Yet ungrateful we have been,
Paying back these gifts with sin.

3 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name:
Sin remove, and in its place
Give us virtue's purest flame:
Thus, from all our sins set free,
May we rest at last with thee.

4.

Morning Hymn. 7 & 6's M.

Missionary Hymn. p. 47, S. S. S. B.

1 ASSEMBLED in the morning,
At this our Sunday school,
We would, our faith adorning,
Observe this sacred rule—
That, as our God 's a *Spirit*,
Our *spirits* should adore;
That we may thus inherit
The blessings we implore.

2 And first, our sins confessing,
With penitential tear,
We 'd supplicate a blessing
On this our meeting here:

And then for those who teach us,
Pure light from Thee above,
That they with power may reach us,—
The power of holy love.

3 Preserve us from temptation,
From idle words and play;
And let thine approbation
Attend us every day.
Oh, may we give our parents
Obedience from the heart;
Be kind to our companions,
And love to all impart.

4 Oh, grant thy special favor,
That we may know thy truth;
And imitate the SAVIOUR,
In age as well as youth;
So when we reach the valley
That leads us down to death,
In Thee our trust reposing,
Yield up in hope our breath.

5.

Commencing Hymn. C.M.

p. 11, S. S. S. B. Peterboro'. Clarendon.

O LORD, another week is flown,
And we, a youthful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And bid our passions cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6.

Commencing Hymn. 6 & 4's M.
Italian Hymn.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing!
Help us to praise!
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!

Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

7.

Commencing Hymn. S. M.

Olmutz. Shirland.

1 Come to the place of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

2 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

4 Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,

Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

8.

Commencing Hymn. L. M.

Portugal. Wells. p. 18 & 45, S. S. S. B.

1 God is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2 His own most holy book declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we ask will grant us still.

3 He loves to hear a grateful tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And when on earth his praise is sung,
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

9.

Commencing Hymn. 8's & 7's M.

p. 2, S. S. S. B. Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.

1 Lord! from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to thee aspires.

2 From thy fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
We thy mercy hear proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 We would share thy great salvation
With the pure and humble mind;
With each kindred tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
Lord, withhold thy care from none;
Be thy mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of thy throne.

5 Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with thy wond'rous love:
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

10.

Commencing Hymn. 7's. M.

p. 52, S. S. S. B. 'Watchman, tell us,' &c. Alcester.

1 Blest Instructer! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth our mind;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our hearts' disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Instructer! bow thine ear:
God, our strength! propitious hear.

11.

Commencing Hymn. C. M.

Irish. Peterboro.'

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To God, who rules the skies.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,—
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a grateful heart,
And, without guilt, be gay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
That, at the whole of life's survey,
Peace may be mine at last.

12.

Commencing Hymn. 7's. M.

p. 52, S. S. S. S. B. Watchman, tell us,' &c. Alcester.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;—
We are weak, Almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives, and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

4 Here, in joy's triumphant day,
Still may grateful hearts arise,
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
Purely, fondly to the skies.

5 Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,
May thy word its light diffuse;
Fresh'ning as the vernal shower,
Peaceful as the silent dews.

6 Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardon'd, sins forgiven:
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man, and faith in Heaven.

13.

Sabbath Morning. L. M.

Wells. Shoel.

1 Another sabbath, Lord, I see,
When pious souls converse with thee:
Forgetting every earthly care,
In nobler works and joys they share.

2 Lord, teach me something good this day,
In every duty guide my way;
O fill my heart with sacred love,
And fix my thoughts on things above.

3 I love to visit thine abode,
Where old and young adore their God,
And now in prayer, and now in praise,
Their humble, joyful voices raise.

4 While grateful notes employ the tongue,
The name of Christ inspires the song,—
Through whom we hope to be forgiven,
And share with him the bliss of heaven.

14.

Sabbath Day. L. M.

Portugal. Hebron. Uxbridge. p. 18, S. S. S. B.

1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose;

And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne,
And render praise, O heavenly King,
To thee, who praise can claim alone.

15.

Sabbath Morning. L. M.

Duke-street. Evening Hymn. p. 43, S. S. S. B.

1 FATHER in heaven, thy ceaseless love
Has brought us to this holy day;
Blest with thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.

2 Grant us, O Lord! a grateful heart
To feel thy goodness and obey:
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.

3 Grant us, this day, a willing mind
To learn what thou would'st have us do,
And how we may thy favor find,
And love and serve each other too!

4 Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die;
To all may God, our Father, give
A home of peace above the sky.

16.

Sabbath Hymn. C. M.

Medfield. Stevens.

1 O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts,
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
You shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

17.

Sabbath Morning. 8's & 7's M.

Sicilian Hymn. p. 2, S. S. S. B.

1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has pass'd away.
Let me think how time is passing:
Soon the longest life departs!

Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly;
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,—
Never from thy fear depart.
Then, when years are gather'd o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

18.

God, the Creator. C. M.

Litchfield. Clarendon.

1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,—
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant, or flower below,
But make thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

19.

God, the Creator. S. M.

St. Thomas. Dover.

1 How wondrous is this frame,
As I its parts survey;
These hands, these feet, this body, came
But from a mass of clay.

2 And in this fair machine
Dwells an immortal mind,
Placed here by some great hand unseen,
For some great end design'd.

3 Before thy gracious throne,
Thou condescending Lord,
I bend the knee, and humbly own
Thy name should be adored.

4 'Twas thou who gav'st me breath,
Who bad'st me live and move:
O may I bless thy name till death,
Then worship thee above.

20.

Parental Character of God. S. M.
p. 58, S. S. S. B. Shirland.

1 My Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

5 My Father! blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept the humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

21.

God, our Father. L. M.
Hebron. Evening Hymn. Wells.

1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my father and my friend?

I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2 Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

22.

Goodness of God. L. M.

Shoel. p. 16 and 45, S. S. S. B.

1 Almighty God, by thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes!
How sweet the birds sing in the skies!

2 How fresh appear the hills and trees!
And oh! how pure the morning breeze!
I bless thy love in all I see,
For, were not these things made for me?

3 Not me alone—for thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven;
And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.

4 And though a child, and weak I be,
I yet may bend myself to thee,
And join my feeble voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

23.

Power and Goodness of God. C. M.

Litchfield. Medfield.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD! Thy gracious power
On every hand I see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all my thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,
Thy love my path surround.

3 Thy power is on the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,—
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see;
And all the blessings I receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time
On thee my hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
My Father and my Friend!

24.

Mercy and Goodness of God. S. M.

Shirland. St. Thomas.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 'Tis he forgives my sins;
'Tis he relieves my pain;
'Tis he that heals my sicknesses,
And gives me strength again.

3 He crowns my life with love,
When rescued from the grave;
He, who redeems my soul from death,
From every ill can save.

4 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And mercy for the opprest.

5 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

25.

Goodness of God in his Works. C. M.

Medfield. Clarendon.

1 THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lilly fair

Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,—
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

4 Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

26.

Goodness of God. C. M.

Peterboro'. Arlington.

1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me:
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour:
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou giv'st the power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here,
4 But what are sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey.

27.

Goodness of God. C. M.
Stevens. p. 11, S. S. S. B.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

28.

God is Love. 8, 8, 6's M.
Ganges. Athlone. Rapture.

1 O God! thy boundless love we praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below;

It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smiles in every vale.

4 But in thy word we see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love, that makes us blest,
With cheerful praise inspire our breast,
And ardent gratitude:
And all our thoughts and passions tend
To thee our Father and our Friend,
Our soul's eternal good.

29.

Omnipresence and Omniscience of God. C. M.

Peterboro'. Clarendon.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

30.

God seeth us. L. M.

Hebron. Uxbridge. Duke-street.

1 Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like the shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?

No, for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side, there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, he rules in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:
I must within his presence dwell;
I cannot from his presence flee.

31.

God our Preserver. H. M.

Bethesda.

1 To heaven I lift my eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
He is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my breath away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

32.

Coming of Christ. C. M.
Clarendon. Christmas.

1 Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire,
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

33.

The song of the Angels. 8's and 7's M.
Vesper Hymn. Greenville.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
'Glory in the highest,—glory!
Glory be to God most High!'

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 'Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive, whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.'

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it covers all the earth.

34.

Birth of Christ. C. M.

Clarendon. Medfield.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.'

35.

Birth of Christ. 7's and 6's M.

Missionary Hymn. p. 47, S. S. S. E

1 HAIL! to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is—Love!

36.

Teachings of Jesus. L. M.

Uxbridge. Hebron. p. 45, S. S. S. B.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

37.

Precepts of Jesus. C. M.

Litchfield. Stevens. Medfield.

1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands;
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

3 'Blessed is the man, whose softening heart,
Feels all another's pain;

To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

4 'Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

5 'Peace to the bosom of his Lord,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

6 'To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.'

38.

Christ the Heavenly Teacher. C. M.

Brattle St. Mear. p. 4, S. S. S. B.

1 See from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.

2 'This is my well-beloved Son,'
Proclaimed the voice divine,
'Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
'For all his words are mine.'

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.

4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

39.

Example of Christ. C. M.

Mear. Stevens.

1 Behold where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes ungrateful sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

40.

Example of Christ. L. M.

Duke Street. Rothwell.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be,—
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 O may we then, who own him Lord,
And his loved name on earth profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his holy mind possess.

41.

Example of Christ. L. M.
Luton. Uxbridge. p. 45, S. S. S. B.

1 When in my heart rise angry thoughts,
And on my tongue are words unkind,
With what strong chains, by what blest art,
Shall I my wicked temper bind?

2 How shall I check the passion fierce
My youthful bosom finds so strong:
Which bids me utter words that pierce,
And seek to do my brother wrong;

3 O meek and peaceful Jesus! then
To thee, to thee my soul shall turn;
I will look up from earth and men:
To copy thee, my soul shall learn.

4 Remembering thee, thou gentle one,
How mildly thou didst bear all wrong,
The sin of anger I shall shun,
Nor find my temper stubborn long.

5 A holy spell thy name shall be,
The memory of thy peaceful life;
And I will straightway think of thee,
Whene'er my sins would rise in strife.

42.

Example of Christ. L. M.
Hebron. Luton.

1 Father of our exalted Lord!
I read my duty in his word:

But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Faithful his mission to fulfil;
Resigned to all his Father's will;
His love and meekness how divine!
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his victory too.

4 He is my pattern; may I bear
More of his gracious image here;
Then shall I find my humble name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

43.

Example of Christ. 8 & 7's M.
Sicilian Hymn. p. 2, S. S. S. B.

1 JESUS Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still may be.

2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,—
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

44.

Sufferings of Christ. C. M.

Stevens. Medfield.

1 With warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 O what a love was here displayed—
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime
In life and death he taught!

3 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

4 Let all, his sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

45.

Death of Christ. S. M.

Olmutz.

1 Behold the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!

Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

46.

The Resurrection of Christ. S. M.
Shirland. p. 58, S. S. S. B.

1 THE Lord is risen indeed!
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 The Lord has risen indeed;
Then death has lost his prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 The Lord is risen indeed:
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each joyful chord;
Join, all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

47.

Ascension of Christ. S. M.
Shirland. St. Thomas

1 JESUS ascends on high,
And sits upon his throne;
Angels and seraphs round him fly,
And all his greatness own:

2 Yet in this glorious state
The human soul retains;
Remembers all his earthly fate,
And pities all our pains.

3 Still for the young he prays,
And blesses them above;
'Forbid them not,' he kindly says,
And offers them his love.

4 His heart is still the same;
To him may children fly,
His gracious promise still may claim,
And on his word rely.

48.

Invitation of Jesus. 7s M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. p. 51, & 77, S. S. S. B.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice.
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Soon may bear the proud world's scorn;
Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:

3 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

4 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

49.

Invitation of Jesus. S. M.

Shirland. St. Thomas.

1 SEE Israel's shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms:
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not,' he cried;
'Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide.'

3 O let this little flock,
We children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

50.

Gratitude for the Gospel. L. M.

Portugal. Shoel. Hebron.

1 We sing thy mercy, God of love!
That sent the Saviour from above,
To free our race from sin and wo,
And spread thy peace and truth below.

2 We thank thee for the words he brought;
We thank thee that he lived, and taught
Frail and imperfect man, to be
In humble mode resembling thee.

3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of the Lord.

51.

Gratitude for the Gospel. C. M.

Mear. Clarendon. Medfield.

1 I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A free and happy child.

2 I was not born, as millions are,
Where God was never known,

And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

3 My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

4 Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shall give me breath;
And grant, that while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

52.

Remembrance of Christ. C. M.
p. 4, S. S. S. B. Stevens.

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
Oh Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love for me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Thou wilt remember me.

53.

The Bible. C. M.

Mear. Clarendon.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Treasures beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
Our study and delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

54.

The Bible. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville. Sicilian Hymn

1 Oh! my Father, what a treasure
I possess in thy dear word;
There I read with holy pleasure
Of the love of Christ my Lord.

2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
All his children deeply need;
Oh! what mercy, love and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed.

3 Oh! the blessedness of knowing
Christ the tender Saviour's love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

4 May that Book be ever prized
Far above my earthly toys;
All beside should be despised,
While we seek its heaven-born joys.

55.

The Bible. C. M.

Litchfield. Medfield.

1 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom, power and grace
Shines brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

3 Lord, from this Gospel may I draw,
The knowledge of thy will;
Give me to understand thy law,
And all that law fulfil.

4 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from sin;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Can give me peace within.

5 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

56.

The Bible. L. M.

Hebron. Portugal. Shoel.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

60.

Early Piety. S. M.

Shirland. Dover.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The follies of our mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew the Lord;
But children of the heavenly King
Should sound his praise abroad.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every fear put by;
We're marching through Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

61.

Early Piety. C. M.

Brattle St. Clarendon.

1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasures path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

62.

Early Piety. C. M.

Mear. Clarendon.

1 When children give their hearts to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis better far, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;

'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

63.

Example of early Piety. H. M.

Bethesda.

1 When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice:
O blessed happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be,
Oh, how would I attend;
The smallest sin I then would fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
O yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,

"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard:"
And when I in this place appear,
"Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

64.

Invitation to early Piety. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. p. 77, & 22, S. S. S. B.

1 "LITTLE children, come to me:"
This is what the Saviour said;
Little children, come and see
Where those blessed words are read.

2 Thus ye hear the Saviour speak,
"Come ye all, and learn of me:
I am gentle, lowly, meek;"
So should little children be.

3 When our Saviour from above
From his Father did descend,
Taken in his arms of love,
Children saw in him their friend.

4 Jesus little children blest:
Blest in innocence they are:
Little children, thus caressed,
Praise him in your infant prayer!

65.

Devotion. C. M.

Brattle Street.

1 WHILST Thee we seek, protecting Power!
Be our vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee our thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er our lives has flowed;
That mercy we adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand we see!
Each blessing to our souls more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns our days,
In every pain we bear,
Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings our favored hour,
Thy love our thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
Our souls shall meet thy will.

6 Our lifted eyes without a tear
The gathering storm shall see:
Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear;
Those hearts shall rest on thee!

66.

The Lord's Prayer. S. M.

St. Thomas. Shirland.

1 Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near:
To thee, all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphims fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

67.

Prayer. C. M.

Medfield. Clarendon. Arlington.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That glows within the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest stains that reach
The ears of God on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

68.

Prayer. C. M.

Pratch St. Mear.

1 When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God will not answer what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek the Lord.

3 Oh, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
Which comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice;
My heart will love him too.

69.

Prayer. C. M.

p. 4, S. S. S. B. Stevens.

1 What shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;

Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, nor power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

72.

Prayer for Guidance. C. M.
Stevens. p. 4, S. S. S. B.

1 Soon as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O let my heart thy favor seek,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
Oh! bid them all from me depart:
Good Lord, remember me.

75.

Prayer for Guidance. S. M.

Shirland. Olmutz.

1 O God! our strength! our hope!
On thee we cast our care;
With humble confidence look up
To thee who hearest prayer:

2 Grant us on thee to wait,
The work assigned fulfil;
O may it all our powers engage
To do our Father's will.

3 Grant us a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptations fly.

4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

5 Thy will may we pursue;
To thee in all things rise;
And all we think, and say, and do,
Be one great sacrifice.

6 Fill us with godly fear,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servants, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

76.

Penitence. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. p. 25, S. S. S. B. Pleyel's Hymn.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwell on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

77.

General Praise. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Greenville. p. 54, S. S. S. B.

1 PRAISE to God; oh! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise;

Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

2 Praise to Him who made the light,
Praise to Him who gave us sight!
Praise to Him who formed the earth:
He our humble praise will hear.

3 Praise Him for our happy hours;
Praise Him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that soar above;
For these hearts he made for love.

4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin:
Praise to Him whose tender care
Keeps the watchful guardian there!

5 Praise the mercy that did send,
Jesus for our guide and friend:
Praise Him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

78.

Praise. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. p. 54, S. S. S. B.

1 GLORY to our heavenly King!
Bounteous Parent! thee we sing;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

2 God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food;
Thee we bless for every good.

3 More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

4 Gracious Father! Heavenly King!
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

79.

Praise. C. P. M.

Ganges. Aithlone. Rapture.

1 Begin, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey;
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

3 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring:
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

80.

Praise. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. p. 52 & 54, S. S. S. B.

1 HEAVENLY Father! mighty Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While ordained on earth to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to dwell with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

4 Then, with angel harps, again
Let us wake a nobler strain:
Then, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5 There, no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.

6 Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

81.

Praise to God. L. M.

Portugal. Shoel.

1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise;
To thee my youngest hours belong:
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 Thy glorious promises, O Lord!
Kindle my hopes and my desire:
I rest my faith upon that word,
Which bids my soul to heaven aspire.

4 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast marked my way to heaven;
Nor let me run the road to death,
And waste the blessing thou hast given.

82.

Universal Praise. H. M.

Bethesda.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine,
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2 The sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

83.

Faith. L. M.

Shoel. Rothwell.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;

Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, or tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house, to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

84.

Trust in God. L. M.

Portugal. Rothwell. Hebron.

1 When love divine, in human form,
Hushed into peace the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I—be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
This thought shall every fear remove,—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know or know Him not.

4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
And shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead—
"Lo! it is I—be not afraid."

85.

Trust in God. C. M.

Medfield. Christmas. Clarendon.

1 Now that my journey 's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O, what have I to fear?

4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.

5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

86.

Christian Love. L. M.

Shoel. Evening Hymn.

1 The God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

2 For love and kindness please him more
Than if we give him all our store;
And children here, who dwell in love
Are like his happy ones above.

3 Great God! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

87.

Christian Love. C. M.

Medfield. Christmas.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;

Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

91.

Charity. C. M.

Brattle St. Stevens.

1 Far from thy servants, God of grace,
The unfeeling heart remove;
And form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought;
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind social grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love
All heaven and earth embrace.

92.

Beneficence. 8, 8, 6's M.

Ganges. Rapture.

1 FATHER DIVINE! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blessed,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind the smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

3 O God! with sympathetic care,
In other's joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low and selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

93.

Forgiveness of Injuries. C. M.

Medfield. Peterboro'.

1 WHEN for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,—
"Father, forgive their sins," he said;
"They know not what they do."

5 Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

94.

Gratitude. S. M.

Shirland. Olmutz.

1 My Maker and my king!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

4 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

95.

Gratitude. 8, 8, 6's M.

Ganges. Aithlone.

1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good!
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content;
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom;
Thy watchful love around our bed
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace, and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

5 Thus, gracious Father! thee we praise;
And while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.

96.

Resignation. C. M.

p. 4, S. S. S. B. Stevens.

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God! thy will be done.

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill:
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

97.

Resignation. C. M.

p. 4, S. S. S. B. Stevens.

1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine,
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways unknown, or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

98.

Meekness. S. M.

Shirland. St. Thomas.

1 "Blest are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded, earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope, and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

4 Oh gracious Father! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

99.

Humility. 7's M.

Alcester. p. 2, & 52, S. S. S. B.

1 In a modest humble mind
God himself will take delight;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in his sight.

2 Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
And no angry thoughts allowed:

O shall then a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?

3 This indeed should never be;
Lord, forbid it, we entreat:
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet.

4 Make it shine in every part:
Fill us with this heavenly grace;
For the youngest, tender heart,
Surely is its proper place.

100.

Life. P. M.

p. 23, S. S. S. B.

1 Say what is life? 'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms,—then is gone;
We see it flourish for an hour,
With every beauty crowned.
But death now comes, a wintry day,
And cuts the lovely flower away.

2 And what is life? like yonder bow,
That spans the arch on high;
We love to see its colors glow;
But soon they fade and die:
Life fades as soon—to-day 'tis here,
The morrow sees it disappear.

3 And is this life? Oh spend it here,
In duty, praise and prayer;
Then whether long or short it be,
We'll feel no anxious care:

Knowing eternity will last,
When life, and even death, are past.

101.

Life. S. M.

Olmutz. Dover.

1 Lord, what a feeble piece,
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

102.

Life. C. M.

Mear. Brattle St.

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who made us first;
Salvation to the Almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

103.

Time. 8's & 11's M.

p. 9, S. S. S. B. Dwight.

1 A minute, how soon it is flown!
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his:
And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.

2 We should not a minute despise,
Although it so quickly is o'er;

We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.
Another indeed, may appear in its stead,
But that precious minute forever is fled.

3 'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly and strife!
But oh! no repentance nor tears
Can bring back one moment of life.
Then wisely improve all of time as it goes,
And life will be happy, and peaceful the close.

104.

Time. 7's M.

Benevento. p. 28, S. S. S. B.

1 See, another week is gone!
Quickly have the minutes past:
That we enter now upon
May, to some here, prove the last;
Mercy hitherto has spared;
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, are we prepared,
Should we be this week removed?

2 Some, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former week begun.
While we pray and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink!

3 If from guilt and sin we're free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome then the call will be
To depart and see thy face:
To the good, while here below,
With new days, new mercies come;
But the happiest day they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

105.

Death. L. M.

Wells. Rothwell.

1 How blest the righteous, when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

106.

Death. 11's M.

Scotland. Portuguese Hymn. Hinton.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

107.

Support in Death. 8, 7, & 4's M.

Greenville.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father! soothe my fears,
Light me through this darksome way:
Break the shadows, break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Praise forever, praise forever,
Praise thee with th' immortal choir.

108.

Resurrection. C. M.

Medfield. Mear.

1 Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His Majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though the frame of man require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

109.

Eternity. C. M.

Stevens. Mear.

1 How long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks are long as they!

Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But even years are fleeting by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none:
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun.

4 Great God! I own I cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

110.

Judgment. C. M.

Windsor. Stevens.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
To answer in that day,
For every wicked, idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
Thy watchful power bestow:
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

111.

Heaven. C. M.

Peterboro'. Mear.

1 Come, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high?

2 Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares opprest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friend, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

112.

Aspiration for Heaven. 7 & 6's M.

Amsterdam.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

113.

Heaven. C. M.

Billings' Jordan. p. 11, S. S. S. B.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

114.

Spring. C. M.

Clarendon. Medfield.

1 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 How kind the influence of the skies!
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, fragrance, beauty rise,
And fix the roving thought.

3 O let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

115.

Close of the Year. C. M.

Stevens. Windsor.

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past:
I cannot long continue here;
And this may be my last.

2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes; how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven:
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

116.

Old or New Year. L. M.

Rothwell. Duke St.

1 My helper God! I bless thy name;
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thy arm hath led me on,—
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

117.

New Year. 7's M.

Benevento. p. 28, S. S. S. B.

1 While with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;

As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

118.

Death of a Pupil. C. M.

Stevens.

1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.

2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

3 May each attend with willing feet,
The means of knowledge here;
And wait around thy mercy seat,
With hope as well as fear.

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

5 Then to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die, and sing thy praise.

119.

On the Death of a Teacher. C. M.

Stevens. Windsor.

1 FAREWELL, dear friend! a long farewell!
For we shall meet no more,
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happy shore.

2 Our friend and sister, lo! is dead!
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.

3 Farewell, dear friend! again farewell!
Soon we shall rise to thee:
And when we meet, no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.

4 No more we'll mourn thee, parted friend,
But lift our ardent prayer,
And every thought and effort bend
To rise and join thee there.

2 Let living light, from thy blessed word,
Guide those who seek, and teach thy way;
And may each op'ning flower, O Lord,
Drink life from that eternal ray.

3 Bless those who first this vineyard dressed;
They reaped in joy, but sowed in doubt;
They smote the rock, and from its breast
Leaped life's eternal waters out.

4 They sowed in doubt—for dimly woke
The light toward which their footsteps trod;
They reaped in joy—for glory broke
Unclouded from the throne of God.

5 On us and ours, O! let its ray
Shine brightly on with power divine;
That thus while ages roll away,
Our children's children may be thine.

123.

Anniversary Hymn. L. M.

p. 43, S. S. S. B. Truro. Shoel.

1 Father of lights! we bless each ray
Shot from thy throne to lead the blind:
With song we hail the holy day
That's dawning on the youthful mind.

2 Gone is the gloom! the cold eclipse,
In which the ignorant at thee gaze,
Has passed; and now from infant lips
Art thou, O God, perfecting praise.

3 Bishop of souls, whose arms were spread,
To clasp and bless such little ones,

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On these be thine own Spirit shed,
That they may be thy Father's sons!

4 Friends of the young, whose toils are o'er,
Taste ye in heaven a purer bliss,
Or one that now ye cherish more
Than that which comes from days like this?

5 Author of life! when death's cold hand
Is gently on our eyelids pressed,
May sorrowing children round us stand—
The children whom our cares have blessed.

124.

Anniversary of Independence. 7 & 6's M.
Missionary H. p. 6, S. S. S. B.

1 We come with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For 'tis a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth:
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—
Proud men shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near:
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted, and were blest.

125.

The Sunday School. L. M.

p. 45, S. S. S. B. Portugal. Shoel.

1 I LOVE to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch the birds soar far away;
But more I love the Sunday School.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book;
And oh, my heart doth feel the while,
That God is pleased on us to look!

3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray, and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
Oh, may I cleave to wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.





126.

The Sunday School. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.

1 FATHER, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 We are debtors to thy kindness,
God of grace and boundless love;
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 But 'tis ours to read the pages
Where the rays of glory glow;
And through everlasting ages
We aspire its bliss to know.

4 Father, on thy arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life, when we are dying,
Be our strength, when strength shall fail.

127.

Thanks for the Sunday School. L. M.

Hebron. Uxbridge.

TEACHERS.

1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which now with grateful hearts we raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

CHILDREN.

2 O Lord, to thee our thanks are due,
For those who here their kindness show,

In pointing out the blessed road
That leads through Christ the way to God.

TEACHERS.

3 We claim no merit of our own,
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline,
To enter on this work of thine.

CHILDREN.

4 Here we are taught to read and pray,
To hear thy word, to keep thy day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

TEACHERS.

5 With these dear children we'll unite,
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join their notes above.

CHILRDEN.

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

TEACHERS.

And crown thy work with great success;

ALL.

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

128.

Sunday School. L. M.

Rothwell. Portugal. Uxbridge

1 O God! with thee, another hour,
We've passed within this sacred place;

Here we have learnt to know thy power,
And here to feel thy saving grace.

2 Here we have learnt a Father's love,
That lives and reigns in earth and sky;
That we must trust that Father's love,
Both while we live, and when we die.

3 Here learnt the Saviour's history,
How much he suffered—what he taught,
That we from sorrow might be free,
And out of sin's dark bondage brought.

4 Here learnt the worth, in early youth,
Of love, and gentleness, and peace,
Of justice, purity and truth,
The springs of joy that never cease.

5 Here learnt that we must change below,
This outward garb, this mortal robe,
And as this covering off we throw,
Shall soar for heaven thy blest abode.

6 O may this hour be ever dear,
To all this band of kindred youth;
And as we weekly mingle here,
O bless us with thy love and truth.

129.

Evening Hymn. L. M.

Evening Hymn. Duke St.

1 Another day, O Lord, is gone,
Another of thy Sabbath's past;
Oh! may each day of duty done,
Be holier, happier than the last.

2 And may the teachings of thy word
This day received, through life remain;
Their gentle influence still afford,
To soothe each wo, to calm each pain.

3 Wilt thou be with us when apart—
Together, wilt thou be our stay;
And grave upon thy children's heart
The lessons of this holy day.

130.

Evening Hymn. C. M.

Litchfield. Medfield. Peterboro'.

1 And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins how great their sum;
Lord! give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 And when my eyes are closed in sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I'll close my eyes,
Since God will not remove!
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in his love.

131.

Sunday Evening. L. M.

Luton. Uxbridge.

1 We've passed another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That all our sins may be forgiven.

2 May all we've heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

3 So when our lives are finished here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
May we in heaven in joy appear,
And love and serve thee evermore.

132.

Sunday Evening. L. M.

Ip. 29, S. S. S. B. Shoel.

1 There is a time when moments flow,
More happily than all beside:
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath at the eventide.

2 Oh! then the setting sun shines fair;
And all below and all above
The various forms of nature wear,
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams;
And we by his example taught,
Will prize the life his love redeems.

4 Delightful scene!—a world at rest—
A God all love—no grief, no fear,—
A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast—
A smile unsullied by a tear.

133.

Sunday Evening. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. p. 22 & 54, S. S

1 Sacred day, forever blest!
Day of all our days the best;
Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
Free from toil, fatigue, and care!

2 Happy, happy, happy, Lord,
Those who hear and read thy word!
Happy those who dwell with thee!
Who thy grace and glory see.

3 We once more have heard thy voice:
Lord, in thee our souls rejoice;
Borne by faith to worlds on high,
Called to reign above the sky.

4 Though this day of rest we close,
Still in thee our hearts repose;
Guide and guard us all our days:
O may all our lives be praise.

134.

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Luton. Duke St.

1 When to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above,—

2 Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
Oh! let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise;

3 Oh! may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

135.

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Duke St. Shoel.

1 By Jesus' pure example taught,
May we be led in serious thought,
O Lord, in early life, to see
And seek our happiness in thee!

2 May our young minds and memories be
Here trained to early piety;
And may our hearts, and all our days,
Be thus devoted to thy praise.

136.

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Old Hund

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shor
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

137.

Closing Hymn. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville. Sicilian Hy

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

3 Make us gentle, kind and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

SUPPLEMENTAL.

1.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

1 We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children, free!
We offer up, O God! our hearts
In trusting love to thee.

2 Well may we bend in solemn joy
At thy bright courts above;—
Well may the grateful child rejoice
In such a Father's love.

3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all midnight harms;—
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.

4 We come not as the mighty come;
Not as the proud we bow;
But as the pure in heart should bend,
Seek we thine altars now.

5 'Forbid them not,' the Saviour said;—
In speechless rapture dumb:
We hear the call—we seek thy face—
Father! we come—we come!

2.

Goodness of God.

1 O, God is good! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,

The insect fluttering for an hour,
All things proclaim that God is good.

2 I hear it in the rushing wind;
The hills that have for ages stood;
And clouds with golden colors lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.

3 Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

4 And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing his praise with light renew'd;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

5 The moon that walks in brightness, says
That God is good! and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

3.

God our best Friend.

1 It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

2 Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea, the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky,—
'Tis God that made them all.

3 He gave me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well,
And he bestowed the power of thought,
And words my thoughts to tell.

4 My father and my mother dear,—
He is their father too;
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me, do.

5 God sees and hears me all the day,
And mid the darkest night;
He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

6 He guards me with a parent's care
When I am all alone;
My hymns of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

7 God hears what I am saying now:
Oh! what a wondrous thought!
My heavenly Father, teach me how
To love thee as I ought.

4.

The Presence of God in his Works.

From a Sunday School Teacher to his Class, while absent in the Country.

1 GREAT God! our thoughts delighted trace
Throughout thy works unmeasur'd grace;
These with continual voice declare
That thou are present everywhere.

2 Unnumber'd orbs in robes of light,
Thro' ether wing their glowing flight;
And worlds on worlds, majestic rise,
And shed thy glory through the skies.

3 Far, far above the radiant sky,
Our soaring thoughts would upward fly;
But shrink before the sparkling maze,
Lost in the vastness of thy ways.

4 Nor 'mid these scenes sublime alone,
Dost thou, O God, thyself make known;
On every side fresh wonders stand,
Confessing thine Almighty hand.

5 The cloud-capt mount, the lowly vale,
The whispering breeze, the startling gale,
The murmuring stream, the rolling main,
The forest wild, the green-rob'd plain;—

6 The radiant beam of opening day,
And sunset's mildly parting ray,
The fresh born drops of morning dew,
And herbs, and flowers of lovely hue;—

7 These, and unnumber'd charms, combine
To show creative power divine;
And shall our hearts unmov'd remain,
And thankless view these scenes in vain?

8 O, may thy grace our souls inspire,
And kindle there each pure desire;
No more let sin our vision blind,
And veil the works thy love designed.

9 Then shall we trace creation o'er,
With raptures new, unknown before;
Then will all nature bloom more fair,
When we but feel thy presence there.

5.

A Hymn to close with.

1 O LORD! thy great and holy name
The heavens, and earth, and seas proclaim;
Thy glory saints and angels own,
In endless chorus round thy throne.

2 We bless thee, Lord, for that great love
Which brought the Saviour from above;
We thank thee for thy sacred word
Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard.

3 We praise thee for this happy day
That we have met to sing and pray;—
This day, and all our future days,
O hear our prayers, accept our praise.

4 Our Father may'st thou ever be;—
And let us love and worship thee;—
And when we die, oh, may we stand,
Through Christ our Lord, at thy right hand.

6.

Another.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling place,
From children made thy gracious care,
And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
The holy Sabbath more.

3 Thanks that we hear—but O, impart
To each, desires sincere;
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

4 Wisdom and bliss thy Word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercies showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

7.

Evening Prayer.

1 Another day its course has run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been, by day, my sun;
And thou wilt be, by night, my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

END.










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